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## A STANDARD OF ART MEASUREMENT

## PART V

## COLOR

BY F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL

THERE is no subject upon which artists and æstheticians have such divergent views as on the subject of Color. The painters themselves are divided on so many of the problems of color and there are so many technical color problems that the question is an endless one and must be handled in a book by itself to give the laymen any satisfaction, so I will not attempt even to touch on the technical side. These have been handled exhaustively by Chevreul and Rood, etc., on the scientific side and by Ruskin and Vibert, etc., on the æsthetic side. I shall confine myself to saying that, of the six elements of art power, color is the fifth in importance, and then show what are the five elements of color in painting about which the layman should have some information.

Color enters into all the arts—into poetry as well as painting, into sculpture as well as the drama. The poet means word-coloration when he speaks of color in poetry and the sculptor means by color—light and shade. But let us discuss color in painting only.

There are two kinds of painters—the painters of pictures and the painters of paint.

The picture-painters consider drawing of more importance than color and the paint-painters claim that color is more important than drawing. I consider both of about equal importance in a truly great work of art. But if a choice must be made I join with the picture-painters who assert that color is secondary to drawing.

Most of the paint-painters are also devotees of the absurd cult of Art for Art's Sake, the fallacy of which has been more than once shown.

Mr. John van Dyke in his "Art for Art's Sake," in which he became the spokesman of the "painter's" and in which he gives us their point of view says: "In the eyes of the painter, as distinguished from the academic draftsman, color is estimated the very highest quality a painting may possess. By it one may suggest lines, light, shadows, perspective; and in it one may show his individuality, his sentiment, his mood or passion, his painter's enthusiasm. In music Harmony is, for the present at least, the final word. There is nothing beyond it, and so Color-Harmony is now the loftiest pitch to which the painter may attain, the consummation of his art."

There is some extravagance in this sentence. For example, what does he mean by the remark—"academic draftsman"? Can he describe clearly what he means by that? Further, that a painter can suggest light, shadows and perspective with color is certain, but how can he suggest "lines" which are correct unless he has learned how to draw with at least "academic" correctness, if not with the correctness of a Michelangelo or a Velasquez?

By drawing is meant—putting the material used in the right place. In drawing on the flat the etcher uses a needle the pastelists a stick of chalk the sculptor a wooden tool and his thumb. The poet puts his words in the right place with his brain and the painter puts his paint in the right

place with his brush. But in every case it means putting the medium in the right place by correct drawing. Moreover, good modeling is nothing but good drawing. No man can model strongly and exquisitely unless he can draw strongly and exquisitely. That is the reason why Leonardo, Velasquez and Holbein could model so wonderfully.

Nobody as yet has disproved the soundness and finality of my definition of art given in the issue of October 1916 of this magazine: "Every human work made, in any language, with the purpose of expressing or stirring human emotion, is a work of art; and a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time."

From this point of view the pretentious painter of mere paint is amusing, it is true, but not more so than the jig dancer in the vaudeville show. But what would these pretentious painter boys say if the vaudevillian jig-dancer belabored Congress to appropriate millions for a palace in which to hang snap-shot photographs of their peculiar and personal jig dances? And what would the painter boys say if the jig-dancers should call them pretentious "duffers" as the painter of mere paint call the painters of fine pictures?

However much the "painter" may temporarily interest us with their efforts to solve problems of paint, the interest is only intellectual, it is not spiritual; it may be scientific but it is not emotional—and the spiritual and emotional alone endure in art, and *enduring* art is all America is concerned about when it seriously thinks about art. If our "Painters" had any vision at all, they would see that the time is bound to come when the term "he was a painter" will be regarded as a term of reproach in exact ratio of the degree to which the painters continue to confine themselves to merely ping-ponging paint over canvases trivialized with poorly composed designs, and neglect to paint pictures at once beautifully composed, skilfully painted and faultlessly drawn. It is astonishing that they fail to see this and that they imagine they are original when they are only peculiar and that they fail to see that the first element of true originality is beauty and that all originality devoid of beauty is a fake originality. Because to be original and ugly is easy, even for an idiot.

From the standpoint of color in picture painting, the layman needs know the importance of only five things—*suitability* of color to the subject handled; *correctness of values in color*; the *beauty of color composition*; *quality* of color; and *harmony* of color.

By Suitability of color we mean, First: Suitability for the place of the picture—be it an easel picture of a wall fresco—that the picture is to occupy. Manifestly the color that will be suitable for a wall decoration will not be suitable for a small easel painting.

Second: By suitability we mean such color combinations as will help to bring into prominence the chief sentiment or idea or figure in a picture.

For example: in a picture representing "Peace"

an artist will not choose such sombre and forbidding browns, blacks and cold grays as Turner used with such wonderfully expressive effect in his "Valley of Discord." He will use more cheerful, light and gay colors. Raphael also showed this *correspondence* between color and subject in his "Sistine Madonna." The color is beautiful and gay as to composition, but then it was made pale—spiritualized—to harmonize with a spiritual conception of a spiritual subject. But when Raphael wished to express unctuous *rejoicing*, as in his "Sposalizio," he made a brilliant color composition, a singing hosanna of color, as did Titian in his "Assumption of the Virgin"—also to express the rejoicing of men and angels.

The second thing of importance in color work or painting is *correctness* of values above all in easel pictures, whether small or large.

What is meant by "values"? To quote again from Mr. van Dyke: "It is sufficient for the present to say that the faithful maintenance of values requires that *every shade* of color in a picture shall hold its *proper relationship* to the scale of light or dark shades of color. Fromentin, himself a painter of high quality, has said that the whole art of the colorist lies in this knowledge and in employing the exact relations of values in tones, that is—correctness of values is the first element of color-harmony."

Mr. van Dyke explains: "At the Munich exhibition of 1888 and also at the Paris exhibition in 1889 there was a well known picture by Duez the French painter, showing a woman dressed in red, seated on a lounge, back of which was a red wall. There were no less than eight or nine reds in the picture, and the painter had set to himself the task of painting a harmony of them all. He did not wish to break in upon the prevailing color with other colors, yet he wished the objects *to be in their proper position* and *detached* one from another. He accomplished this not by contrast, but by the use of like hues. By slightly varying the *intensities* of red, he *detached* his objects and yet maintained the color flow." And again: "By 'proper place' is meant not the *position* of colors as they stretch across or up or down the canvas, but as they *recede* in the background." \* \* \* "The bringing out of these delicate tones of color by giving them their just *value* in light or dark is considered by the best modern artists to be the great secret of color harmony."

That is to say: by painting with great accuracy the exact tone of color on all objects in a picture you obtain *value*, and you thus succeed in *detaching* each object from the other and in giving the appearance to every object of being *bathed* in atmosphere, and of being in its proper relation to every other object so that one can look into the picture. That is, the farther one can look into a picture and still find everything in its *proper place* in line and color-perspective, the more one feels that one can walk round each object in the picture, the finer are the "values" of that picture. To obtain accurate values therefore in a picture is a matter of skill in painting.

"For instance," to quote again from Mr. van Dyke, "a lady dressed in pinkish gray may be standing on a walk in front of a house. The walk will be gray, the house will be pinkish gray, the trees will be gray, the pink sky beyond it will be tinged with

gray. And these different tones of the same or similar colors will be so skilfully rendered, their respective values will be so well maintained that, though you can scarcely detect the difference between them, they will nevertheless give you the sense of distance and the feeling of air with irresistible force."

Velasquez, the idol of the Art for Art's Sake men, was a realist and made the obtaining of correct values his main object—after his faultless drawing. Early in his career he essayed some brilliant color-schemes, but he soon found out that he could not handle brilliant and varied colored compositions and obtain his correct values. So what did he do? He simply sacrificed beauty of color to correctness of color, or values. Thus by degrees he arrived at such a reality of atmosphere in his "Maids of Honor" in the Prado at Madrid that, when Théophile Gautier stood before it he said: "Where is the picture"? But while one can almost walk into the picture, so to speak, the picture is not beautiful for all its atmospheric reality—obtained by its astonishingly correct tones or values. It is not beautiful, mainly because the color is a mere collection of grays, from light grays to dark grays. The picture is a highly intellectual performance it is true, but is devoid of power to arouse emotion. In other words we admire it more and more, but we love it less and less. We feel more and more that the artist aimed principally to show his ability and cared little for lifting the spectator above the negative emotion of surprise!

Now the great Italian artists—Titian, Giorgioné, Veronese, Palma-Vecchio, Raphael, etc., never thought of painting in just this way. They thought of color variety, color brilliancy, color magnificence and color beauty above all else. Of course their works are there to prove that they did not neglect *sufficiency* of color values or correctness of tone, but they made color values secondary.

Color values in painting must of course never, never be neglected in a picture, but the cultured world will never be much interested in mere values *per se* when detached from beautiful color-composition. That is the main reason why Velasquez became lost and was forgotten and remained so for nearly two hundred years. He died in 1660 and it is only since 1860 that people have been praising him again, and at first gingerly, and very much afraid of being in error by so doing. For most of Velasquez's color-compositions are not beautiful; they are too gray and drab compared with the works of a dozen Italian masters; they did not then and do not now appeal very strongly to the public—from the color point of view. For while a color-scheme in gray and green may have an abiding modest charm for us, it will never lift us to a very high pitch of emotion—because it is a *neutral* color. It is only since the worship of dexterity and cleverness have taken the place of the appreciation of thought, sentiment and noble effort in art that Velasquez's supremely dexterous works have been so acclaimed. They appeal more to those people who are enamored of "technique" rather than of greatness of expression. They are a delight to the "painter's painter" and to those laymen whom the latter have converted to their point of view.

But if Velasquez's color was generally in the gamme of gray, how wonderful he was in that

gamme! Such beautiful grays the world never saw—silvery grays, golden grays, pale rose grays, pale blue grays, pale brown grays. He exhausted the possibilities of the grays and he put them on with the brush of a wizard!

Yet such extremely wonderful values as we find in the "Maids of Honor" are not necessary to make a great work of art in color. Great art work in color, after all, like great art work in marble or in sound or in words is not merely *Imitative* but it is *Expressive*; what we need in it is only a *Sufficiency* of values and of atmosphere to satisfy the varied exigencies of different subjects and our desire for *relative* truth. All subjects and all kinds of painting do not require the same amount of "values" and "atmosphere" to satisfy the mind. For if wonderfulness of atmosphere were the *sine qua non* for the production of great works of art in color, we would have to throw out of the category of art of the highest kind all but the "Maids of Honor" of Velasquez. Luckily, though having far less absolute correctness of value and less atmosphere than most of Velasquez's works, there is a *sufficiency* of values and atmosphere in Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," in Titian's "Assumption," in Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" to serve the chief purpose of a great picture, *i. e.*, to express a great thought in a most effective and beautiful manner.

The Third desideratum in Color for a really great picture is—*beauty* of the *color-composition*—when ever the subject allows of choice of one color-scheme or another. This beauty can only be obtained by variety of color—forced to harmonize and symphonize together like a superbly drilled sextet of opera singers. Certain colors harmonize together according to Nature's laws. These laws are laid down in text-books. The laymen need not know anything about them.

There should be nothing shocking in any color composition and so it is evident that we can not produce a beautiful color-scheme by simply chucking color together in a haphazard way. It takes the greatest refinement of feeling in an artist to select and juxtapose such tints or hues of color as are necessary to produce an oratorio of color, like Correggio's "Nativity."

An artist shows his ability as a colorist more by this power of making a *beautiful combination* of colors which, in spite of their variety, will harmonize and sing together. A magnificent color composition requires an inventive imagination, great taste in selection and a fine poetic feeling. Obtaining values is a matter of sharpness of eye and a knowledge of what pigment will do, when once applied to the canvas—never, O never to be neglected—but still always secondary in a great picture. That does not mean that a picture, to be great, must have the sonorous color of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross."

No doubt greatness in the field of obtaining wonderful "values" is as rare as it is in the field of composing magnificent color schemes. I know of only three men among the old masters who reached the highwater mark in atmospheric values: Velasquez in his "Maid of Honor," Holbein in his "George Gisse," and Dürer in his "Auto-portrait." Their level was never surpassed by any other artists—certainly not by Giorgioné, Palma-Vecchio, Titian and Raphael, perhaps the greatest composers of beauti-

ful color-schemes the world ever saw. If we could combine Raphael for space-filling, Titian for color-symphony and Velasquez for truth of atmosphere, we would have the ideal, perfect, painting artist.

But if we must choose between Titian, with his wonderfully beautiful color plus a sufficiency of value and atmosphere in his pictures, and Velasquez with his marvelously exact "values" and his generally cold, gray color-schemes—I would not hesitate to choose Titian, especially when to his beautiful color is added a wonderful power of line composition.

The Fourth desideratum in color is—Quality of color. There is an element of the unconscious in all of the six elements of art power. But of these six only four—conception, composition, expression and drawing—are mainly intellectual and under the control of the judging Ego; the other two—color and technique—are more or less "temperamental" and are not so completely under the control of the Ego. This is especially true of Color, above all of that element of color-work or painting that we call *quality*, which so to speak oozes out of the painter and enters his work in spite of himself.

It will be impossible to make perfectly plain what is meant by quality in color but I shall make it as plain as possible:

All color may be divided into two categories—flat and brilliant.

By a brilliant color we mean complex color in which there may be for instance several different kinds of red in a red used, besides mingling with it, while being mixed on the palette, other colors that harmonize with it, as a musician will strike the note "a" on the piano while at the same time striking three or four other notes along with the one note which mingle and harmonize with the note "a" and which we call a "chord"; or when four singers, a soprano, a contralto, a tenor and a basso sound the note "a" together at the same time. It is an "a," but an enriched, varied, deep, sonorous and harmonized "a." When then such enriched color of red or blue is varnished it receives still another element of richness—a sheen to the color. I could point out such color that fairly sings.

When then in a picture showing a varied colored composition we find such richness, depth and singing quality in red, blue, green, etc., we have a veritable oratorio of color, and the color in and for itself merely becomes highly emotioning, as a glorious sunset. This richness of color Velasquez reached only once—in his marvelous portrait of "Innocent the Tenth" in the Doria gallery at Rome. He attempted it in his "Coronation of the Virgin" now in the Prado, and failed.

Such richness of color we find successfully handled both at the beginning of painting in oils, in Van Eyck's pictures, and in the works of the greatest Renaissance artists. Van Eyck in 1410 invented oil painting and in his "Coronation of the Virgin" already shows a "brilliance," a "juiciness," a "fatness," a "depth" and a "sheen" of color never surpassed. But he also paid a religious attention to something of far more importance than that—if we talk about great art—namely: beauty of composition, fine drawing and profundity of expression.

Art as a whole plays various rôles; but the three greatest functions of art are:

First: To fill us with *mirth* in various degrees, from a budding smile to side-splitting laughter.

Second: To fill us with exaltation in various degrees, from general *delight* to soul-stirring ecstasy.

Third: To fill us with *awe* in various degrees, from quiet solemnity to tearful rapture.

These functions can be successfully carried out by art without color—by line composition, drawing and fine modeling. Then what is the rôle of color? The function of color is merely to *accentuate* the emotion-stirring power of line composition, drawing and modeling. I repeat: a photo of Millet's "Sower" is highly emotion-stirring without color. But color makes the composition of lines and thought expression still more emotional because it gives to the whole the brilliant vibration of the color of nature, which is always full of color.

Why then will so many of our painters remain merely "painters" by sacrificing everything merely to quality of color, seeing that the great artists of the past did not do that? Because they have gone daft on the importance of not only color but of quality in color, putting it before everything; but that this is placing the cart before the horse is proven by the fact that the color beauty and color quality of Michelangelo's decorations in the Chapel of San Sisto is far inferior to the color beauty and color quality of Van Eyck's "Coronation of the Virgin." But then your painter replies: "Michelangelo was not as great a painter as Van Eyck!" True; but he was a far greater artist and picture-maker and what America wants now most of all is not mere amusing vaudevillian "painting" but more great and emotion-stirring pictures.

It is the tendency for every serious workman in every art or science to exaggerate the importance of that element which he fought so hard to master. This is true of many painters who, not being born great colorists or great "technicians" and having been forced to struggle hard to become such, finally make a fetish of quality in color, make it the only item worthy of an artist to the exclusion of what is really more important: fine thought, beautiful composition, both in line and color and profundity of expression; and, when they have mastered the difficulties of quality and color, they crow like cocks in the morning and talk about the "exquisiteness" of color quality as if that were all there is in the painting of a picture! Whistler was one of these. He became obsessed with the idea. The result is, he mastered and talked much about "exquisiteness" of quality in painting. But he never painted but one great portrait. And the portrait of his mother is a great portrait, only "because it expresses with reverence, profound and touching, the spirit and sanctity of motherhood"—to cite Kobbé. It is the only time Whistler departed from the cynical philosophy he enunciated in "The Red Rag" in which he said: "Art should be independent of all clap-trap—should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it; that is why I insist on calling my works 'arrangements' and 'harmonies.'" Also as mere "exquisiteness" of painting it is so far below his "Miss Alexander," "The Harbor of Valparaiso" and the portrait of "Rosa Corder" that in truth we may say it is not at all a true Whistler. It is not a "Nocturne," not a "Harmony," not a "Symphony" such as he championed and often with charlatan

methods. The truth is it is a picture painted, not by Whistler, but by the soul of his own mother dominating him and working through him and smashing to smithereens his false æsthetic philosophy, and using his never questioned clever "artistry" to paint his only picture the world admits is great, or nearly great, and this not because of its artistry, color or technique, but because it radiates sentiment, filial love and poetry. The world which hangs photos of this picture on its walls, as I have done, does not care about its color, which is not beautiful, nor its technique, which is not wonderful, nor its quality of color, which is not superb, but it does so because it is not mere paint but is a picture—full of solace and inspiration; it is a monumental suggestion that in the final analysis a truly beautiful, lofty, holy mother is the sublimest creation of the cosmic volition.

When Whistler tackled the portrait of Carlyle he went back to his cynical trough, back to his true unsentimental self and painted a fine piece of cold technique, but made a "libel on Carlyle" whose higher self Whistler could no more comprehend than a starling comprehends a star.

I have not yet spoken of another element of Quality in color-work, so-called "texture." But as this element comes under the head of "technique" I will refer to it in the next chapter.

This total element of quality of color in a painting—independent of the color composition in a picture—is something that is largely a matter of the native "temperament" of the painter. If he is true to himself, imitates no one, it creeps into his work in ways the painter can hardly explain, any more than the rose can explain how her perfume creeps into her petals through the stem.

Great artists with great messages in great compositions made in great moments ignore the matter of Quality in color, leaving it to the "little masters" such as Ter Borch, Van Mieris, de Hoogh, Gerard Dow, Vermeer, etc., who have no world messages to deliver, who handle only trivial subjects and who paint principally because they love to and are able to paint exquisitely. The modern imitators of these little masters—who were original men and not imitators—do so much harping on this element of quality in color work that the layman, by listening to them, is apt to go astray and conclude with them that it is the Alpha and Omega not only of color but of art itself—to the detriment of the creation of truly great works of art. These are the butterflies of the art world, largely Art for Art's Sake men who have no interest in the great events that shock the nations, their own included. They are never great men nor great artists, who lift, stimulate and console their fellowmen, however clever and intellectually interesting they may be as "technicians." But they are those decorators of life who fill it with an extremely desirable kind of beauty but of a secondary quality—the graceful quality—falling short of the highest quality—the sublime. And as long as there are men in the world who are principally "intellectual" men and deficient in emotionability, to whom indeed the great or sublime is really a source of irritation, this class of artists is absolutely necessary to supply the need of intellectual quality in art. But they must not be taken out of their rank. They are not as absolutely necessary as those great artists Michelangelo, Raphael,

Corregio, Veronese, Titian, Rubens, etc., whenever those men were at their best.

Of course we would deplore the loss of the earthen pots of the modern Vollon, the fish of Fouace and the brass kettles of Bail and these would lose most of their special interest if we should eliminate the particular charm of "quality" from their color work. It is almost the only intellectual quality which their work possesses.

It is impossible, I repeat, to bring this whole matter home to the layman in writing as clearly as it should be. It could only be pointed out in some great museum where varied specimens of such color-work could be shown and analyzed.

Finally: There is Harmony of color to be considered in a picture. Manifestly most people know by instinct that black and red do not harmonize like red and green. But some painters who are not born colorists do not know that until they are told, and they do not know that other colors do not harmonize, and so their work is full of color-discord. In my article on beauty in the November issue of this magazine I showed that the essence of all beauty is a certain *melody* produced in us by our eyes being shuttlecocked—or cradled—while following the patterns in a picture made up of lines and masses of color. When these lines, masses and colors are so proportioned and harmonized that we are agreeably cradled among them without shocks, they give us delight, and then we say the picture is beautiful. If the variety in the picture is great and brilliant and harmonizes into a lifting beauty, we say it is *very* beautiful. Therefore all the layman can do is to open his soul freely to the color influence of a picture and if he finds there is an easy agreeable, cradling sort of *melody* of color without any shocks, through some color seeming to be out of its place, he may know that the colors have been made to harmonize together. Here again examples of color harmony in pictures can only be given by pointing them out in a gallery among others which lack color harmony.

In conclusion, all the quarrelers among the painters of paint over color problems, the layman can ignore. Who to-day, except curious painters, students or critics, cares about the disputes over Courbet's "Burial at Ornans"? The public passes it by in the Louvre because it is dark, forbidding and ugly. Who cares for Manet's ugly and licentious "Olympia" with a shoe-string tied about her thick neck—because Manet thought that "absolute values" and science in painting were of so much more importance than relative values, beauty and decency that he was willing to raise a row about it, which as Duret admits, "put him in the ranks of the reprobates" for life and so soured his existence? What do people care about Monet's "Blue Shadows" and "Color Experiments"—since most of his works are now fading, and, lacking beautiful color-patterns, as most of them do, they are gradually but surely being forgotten, except, perhaps, his earlier works—painted before he went to extremes in scientific color research? Even his disciples, the extreme "modernists," are ridiculing him now as "academic!"

Of course, while these things never would emotion the public they do interest the critics and searchers after processes of painting, but which according to Whistler, should ever be hidden in *perfect* painting.

Who remains of these quarrelers—in the *affections of the public*?—outside of the speculative collectors and historical museums directors? None!

Those who, like Corot, Harpignies, Rousseau, Daubigny, even Gillaume and others in landscape; and Millet, Gérôme, Schreyer, LeFebvre, Hébert, Boulanger, Ziem, even Bouguereau and others who chose beautiful color-patterns, who did not talk much about "scientific color"—which Chevreul told them to study and forget—these are sure of immortality, in spite of the ridicule of the "scientific" modernistic impressionists. Why? Because they were both *expressive* and *decorative* picture-painters, not mere scientific paint-painters. They always chose fine subjects, charming line-patterns and color-patterns, and filled their pictures with a sufficiency of color-values, or atmosphere. And they died, serenely sure of the approving verdict of posterity—because they knew that what the human soul wants in art is not science of color nor science of modeling but poetry and beauty.

There are in this country a number of men who sacrifice beauty of color for *peculiarity* of color—to announce to the world their "individuality," that they are here, on the map of the earth. They go either to the anæmic and bloodless, or to the red-hot and vulgar, or to the neutral and leaden, or to the shocking and cacophonous color—to create a notoriety bringing "sensation." Because they know that the newspaper and magazine art writers—who need one sensation per week—will advertise their work and annex them as fruitful sources of mutual profit. Such vulgar color-mongers the layman can ignore, for their fate is settled in advance. They begin to pass into oblivion as soon as they are born, like will-o'-the-wisps. The very constitution of the human mind and soul insures that. It is but a question of time.

There is no use of our wasting much time upon what our instincts repudiate. For in the matter of beauty of color, the best guide is not any single artist or critic but the instinctive preference of the majority of the cultured people of the world. And these have voted that the most beautiful color-work is to be found in the pictures of Giorgioné, Titian, Palma-Vecchio, Veronese, Raphael, Del Piombo, Correggio, Sodoma, Rubens and Claude Lorraine. As colorists these have been now and then approached but never surpassed.

If the greatness of a work of art depended solely upon beauty of color, which luckily it does not, these would be the princes of picture-painters.

As I said at the beginning, there are so many problems in color, that to treat it at all exhaustively would require a volume. I will close the subject by saying: That is the greatest piece of color-work which, as mere painting, is—

*First:* The most *suitable* for the subject chosen.

*Second:* The fullest of true *values*—hence filling the picture with the most *atmosphere*.

*Third:* The most beautiful color *composition*.

*Fourth:* The most filled with rich, deep, translucent singing *quality*.

*Fifth:* That in which the various colors have been so chosen, placed and co-ordinated that they *harmonize* perfectly; and so produce in us a *melody* or an oratorio of color.

F. W. Ruckstuhl